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# The Critic

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## Gerald Stanley Lee

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

At your request I am very glad to send you some recollections of Mr. Lee, and some facts concerning him which may be of interest to those who know him only through his writings. My acquaintance with him began in his senior year at college, when much the same things which he has written were simmering in his mind. He never exacted much of his surroundings except that he should find someone who was doing some thinking and who would make him think. In those days he generally ranked people by the number of ideas they seemed to have. I never knew a man who took so keen an enjoyment in the workings of his own mind. Every thought that crossed it he used to put down in small note-books which bore the title "Dry Goods and Notions." When neither these books nor his sermons would hold all that he was thinking, he drifted in a natural and leisurely way into writing for the public. At the Yale Divinity School, where he graduated in '88, he was regarded as something of a free lance, and his mysticism was not always taken seriously, but whatever criticism came was received in the most genial spirit. It was always too much of a bother to him to hold a grudge. The old Scotchwoman who witnessed the execution of the Duke of Hamilton said that "it was none so great head in itself, but it was a sore loss to him." I think this was much the way he felt about his ideas and way of seeing things; not that they were so much better than those of other people, but that they were his, and, such as they were, would be a sore loss to him. He believed in himself without losing any faith in those who did not, and kept on.

Always intensely interested in whatever place he happened to live in, and never fidgeting about a larger field, all that he has ever seemed to ask has been the freedom to do the things he best loved to do. While pastor of the church in Sharon, Conn., he put the parish records to a use to which it is safe to say they never had been put before. Those who have read the result—"About an Old New England Church,"—written for the church's centennial, will readily see why George William Curtis should have said that such a work, connected with such an occasion, was one of the most striking signs of our religious times. This little book first called attention to that blending of humor and spiritual insight which has since become familiar in Mr. Lee's work. After a few years in a West Springfield parish, where he wrote "The Shadow Christ" and most of the sketches and criticisms which have made him more widely known, he left the pulpit to become a preacher who writes rather than a writer who preaches. Since his marriage, in June 1896, he has bought a place in Northampton, on the bluff overlooking the great South Meadow, "with the world behind him, not a house in sight and two mountains in his front yard."

A minister in some sort he will always be. To be closer to the world was the motive which led him into the ministry, and it was this that took him out of the pulpit, rather than any poor ambition "to do literary work." To those who know him in both he has more power and attraction in the pulpit than in his writings. His preaching is hard to describe. It is not a mere reading of sermons. Whatever its defects, the cheap delusion of thinking himself above the average audience is never one of them, for no man can work more constantly or more faithfully to give something to everybody who sits under him; and because of an inevitably picturesque way of seeing things, and a general choice of persons rather

than abstractions as subjects, there is nearly always something for everyone. First the freshness of the theme impresses one, and as he goes on, the wealth of it. If anyone has thought the preacher runs upon an abstraction, he makes it concrete; if it is something concrete, he puts it in the sweep of a principle. The world is a great world, and it is one, and Christ is the goal of it, and there is no theme that does not lead to Him. The morality of things is not trifled with, but it is downright and unmistakable and the more commanding because it is always beautiful. About it all there are a charm and atmosphere which are indescribable.

Personally he is much like his books. Exuberance of thoughts, incessant mental activity and interest, and a great flow of spirits—these are the things which are sure to strike one on first knowing him. Being in his neighborhood is certain to start up one's thinking if it has fallen off a little, and though you are quite likely not to think his thoughts, or not to agree with them, you are sure to find that there is plenty to think about. He is more interested in another's individuality than in his agreement with himself. He is not bookish, is rather indifferent to the secondary matters of the book world, and is very persistent in reading a great deal of what he likes, though no man could wade more patiently through any amount of what is forbidding and difficult if there is any likelihood of finding something he wants. His versatility is surprising. He is not scared away from things that interest him because some expert knows a hundred times as much about them as he does. He writes wherever he happens to be, along the road and in railway stations and hotel offices. While his style is likely to seem acquired, it is the style he began with; and though it has undergone plenty of improvement, it is the only one he ever had. In writing, his habit is to take for granted at the start what everyone would think of, and to strike for what has not been said. Ploughing through well-trodden subjects and turning up good brown earth under them, is his delight. His pleasures are almost wholly those of surprise rather than recognition, and yet they are pursued with what is in him a spirit of entire reverence and refinement. Next to giving a new lease of life to commonplace, his enjoyment is in a region of truths which cannot be captured by set words or definitely expressed; truths which are impalpable, yet which hover over all people, vexing the commonest mind more than is suspected; truths which have to be approached, if at all, sideways and unawares, and which a more downright way is sure to miss. These seem to inspire him into not giving up until they have at least set up, as it were, a sort of induced current in his words. The essential quality of such impressions and truths he manages with subtle instinct to drift over into his writing. One might wonder why he does not choose verse rather than prose for such expression. Two or three poems are all that have appeared out of the many he has written. It is among his favorite ideas that before long the new world of truths which science has been opening up will become the natural property of the poet. Many of his poems are in this direction.

Of his "Shadow Christ" a London journal says:—"There is always the feeling that we are being carried along on a mental current of unusual power and range. The style is the author's own, a combination of cloudy beauty, shot through at times with flashes of intensest lightning, reminding us anon of Coleridge and again of Shelley." The Old Testament is, according to this book, a sequence of personalities rather than of dispensations. Moses, "in whom the love of God was wrought out as an imperious obligation to

do other than he would"; David, the first to say "God and I"; Job, "the discoverer of infinity"; and Isaiah, who is the "Shadow Christ" and whose wondering "what kind of a man would God be, if he came to Judea," was "the most awful and beautiful reach of insight the world has known." The book that is called by his name is "the struggle of the world's dream"—the Saviour sleep—the unawakened New Testament; it is the book of the man "who utterly knew that on an earth where even a man could not be great without a sorrow, a God without a cross would not be even a man." It is not an argument, and so has been received by ultra-conservative and liberal alike. It is perhaps the most conciliating protest that has appeared against the isolation and unrelatedness in which the Bible has been left to stand. The second half—the Christ out of the Shadow—is yet unfinished. [See portrait on page 444.]

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

JOHN SHERIDAN ZELIE.

### Literature

#### "The Struggle of the Nations"

*Egypt, Syria and Assyria.* By G. Maspero. Edited by A. H. Sayce; trans. by M. L. McClure. D. Appleton & Co.

ON THE eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea, a strip of territory, 500 miles long from north to south, and fifty miles wide at its widest, was the centre of the historical movements of the empires, ancient before Rome and Macedon were born. At the geographical middle of this busy, struggling world of kingdoms and empires, stood Jerusalem, a city older than anyone yet knows, and holy from years immemorial. Around this region were set the Egyptians, the Phenicians, the Hittites, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Elamites, the Persians, the Medes, the Arabians—whom we are just beginning to suspect of having had a history,—and peoples of the isles of the sea. Back and forth over this little land swept the armies of the East and of the North and South. The inhabitants of Syria were always tribes-independent of one another and usually hostile, each to its neighbor. The Tel-el-Amarna letters, written in the reigns of Amenophis III and his son Khuniatomi, reflect faithfully the restless condition of these petty tribes, even under the dominion of Egypt. To this day the divided peoples of Syria make possible the Armenian troubles. There can be no union and no independence. Syria must through all the centuries be vexed with internal feuds and petty wars, or live under a protectorate.

Prof. Maspero has taken Syria, a geographical term, as the unifying centre of his histories. The history of the Egyptian empire is traced through the Theban dynasties (the eighteenth to twenty-second), a period of some 700 years—from about 1700 to 1000 B. C. Just here it may be observed that, in all the text of this great volume, Prof. Maspero ventures to give hardly a date. He records kings and dynasties of kings, the founding of cities and the conquests of nations in their order and sequence, but dates are not yet certain. The history of Egypt he begins where he left it at the end of his former volume, "The Dawn of Civilization," but when he comes to Babylonia, he goes back to the origins of the Elamites in relation to Chaldean civilization. Just at present it is the fashion in archaeology to look towards Arabia, and it is conjectured by Prof. Sayce and others that the Babylonian dynasty originated in Arabia. It is probably a false scent, and Prof. Maspero does not take time to follow it.

In Egypt the eighteenth dynasty came after the expulsion of the Hyksos. Who these Hyksos were, and whether they were actually expelled or only absorbed by the Egyptians, is not yet known. Prof. Maspero thinks that they were Hittites. It seems that it was during the Hyksos period that the sons of Israel went down to dwell in lower Egypt, and that the wave of anti-Semitism that followed the reign of Khuniatomi swept them up into Syria. Previous to this, Egypt had

lost her power in Syria; Assyria was occupied in defending herself, and the petty tribes of Palestine did not unite against the invader.

The monuments of the ancient Syrian religions have been swept away. From the monuments of Egypt and from some surviving records, like that of Philo of Byblos, we infer that their religious ideas were similar to universal primitive religious notions. Later the myths of Babylon and of Egypt were borrowed and incorporated into their theology. This was especially the case with the Phenicians and Hittites. Even the Israelites themselves were not exempt. Whether the cult of Adonis (Thammuz) was indigenous, or came from Chaldea or from Egypt, it is impossible to say. It is not even necessary to suppose that the mysteries of Eleusis, wherein it was apparently the central idea, borrowed the myth from Syria or Babylon, or from the Nile valley. Ishtar, Isis, Astarte and Demeter all weep for the same woe, the dead vegetation—the life gone down to Hades. Each Syrian tribe had its own Baal, and there was more than one Javeh worshipped by the Canaanites. Javeh was the Canaanitish storm god—so, at least, Cornill and others tell us.

The eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties in Egypt made for power and wealth. All the splendor of art and riches, foreign conquest and far voyages belongs to this period. The story of the time is given minutely in this volume, with plenty of pictures and an array of learned footnotes that ought to satisfy the most diligent and exacting student. It was during the reign of Mineptah that the exodus of the Israelites is supposed to have taken place. A stele, discovered by Dr. Petrie, in 1896, mentions the Israelites. This is the first mention of them found upon the monuments of Egypt. Former attempts to identify them with the Aperiu of Egyptian inscriptions had been abandoned. The twentieth dynasty of Egypt illustrates the modern poet's dictum that "wealth accumulates and men decay." Social customs and religion were being debased by foreign elements. Both the masses and the nobility lost energy. At the same time, it was an era of literary activity and material comfort. The Egyptians were fond of stories and of caricature. Their folk-lore easily falls within the lines of the stories of Brer Rabbit and Reineke Fuchs. Mediæval buffoonery had its pope of the asses, and Egyptian jokers had their Pharaoh of all the rats. The cat, also, was an important personage in the popular tales of the old Egyptians. Possibly the Babylonians and the Hittites also had their *Puck* and *Judge* and *Life*; but the most careful excavations have not up to this day availed to unearth them. Prof. Maspero gives us some samples of ancient Egyptian love-songs. They are as interesting as the amorous verses of any day, and a trifle realistic, like Mr. Swinburne's erotics.

Egypt declined in power and Chaldea arose. Tiglath Pileser swept westward to the coast. Babylonia and Assyria seesawed for predominance in Mesopotamia, while the Elamites vexed both. We do not know, but suspect, that the rise of Assyria had much to do with the annihilation of the political power of the Hittites. Nevertheless, the Chaldeans could never enter upon any protracted period of foreign conquest. Their territory was insufficient to supply the losses that rough campaigns and murderous assaults were constantly causing. There was little reserve force in Mesopotamia. The Assyrian empire never was a military power equal to Egypt or to Persia. Both Egypt and Chaldea fell into a torpor. Profiting by this, Phenicia, then the Hebrew monarchy, and later Damascus, rose into power. Again Syria lifted her head, but not for long. In every case jealousy and internal dissension made coalition impossible. Syria remained a prey to Macedon and Rome, as she is to-day helpless in the hands of the Turk.

The translator has done his work with learning and judgment. In the notes he has inserted the results of archaeological investigation attained since Prof. Maspero wrote. Every month adds something, and it is hard to keep abreast. Due

credit is given to the work of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Since the London Committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund has ignored the wishes of American subscribers, it could be desired that the Americans would further interest themselves in Assyrian exploration. We have in the United States Assyriologists not a few, and of the first rank. Profs. Lyon, Hilprecht and Haupt are men whose rank is universally recognized. We have at the least one genuine savant in Egyptian language and lore in Prof. W. Max Müller. Our knowledge of Assyria lags behind that of Egypt. This is plainly shown by Prof. Maspero's great work. "The Dawn of Civilization" was a piece of magnificent scholarship put in a form that anyone could read. "The Struggle of the Nations" is not inferior. It is cautious, a little conservative, as becomes the work of a specialist. The introduction provided by Prof. Sayce impresses the reader first of all with his large and strong grasp of the vast accumulation of material. It is an ideal introduction, for it prepares the reader to make himself master of the work of Prof. Maspero. Without such an introduction he is in danger of being overwhelmed with the abundance and minuteness of the author's erudition. The publishers also deserve a word of recognition for the magnificent form in which they have produced the work. Letter-press, maps and pictures leave nothing to be desired.

**"The Missionary Sheriff"**  
By Octave Thanet. Harper & Bros.

THERE COULD NOT be a better book of short stories of its kind than this, unless it were some other book of short stories by the same writer. In her own field, depicting western life and character, Miss French is unrivaled. She always has a story to tell that is worth telling, and she always sets it forth with vigor, definiteness, humor and human sympathy. Her optimism, also, is unfailing, and it is a supreme tribute to her realism that we do not disbelieve in it, even after we have discovered that it is invariably cheerful. In most writers unfailing lightheartedness causes us to doubt their sincerity; in Miss French it causes us, instead, to doubt the accuracy of our own less rosy insights.

"The Missionary Sheriff" is a series of half a dozen tales, each recounting some incident in which our friend Amos Wickliff, "a plain man who tried to do his duty," plays an important part. The stories are all absorbing, and some are exciting. They are the kind of stories everybody wants to read and is glad to read for sheer pleasure, but, above and beyond this, they have a place and a usefulness of their own in American literature. Miss French can do what most American novelists fail miserably in doing. She can record character on any social level simply and faithfully, without reference to the standards of other social levels. She frankly admires Amos Wickliff, for instance, for his moral and physical qualities, and refrains from patronizing him on account of his ungrammatical speech. Mr. Howells could not draw such a man without making us feel that Amos at times was abased in his soul because he did not have ancestry and a college education. Mr. Hamlin Garland could not draw such a man without putting him on a pedestal and calling your attention to the fact that some puny youth with the ancestry and the education suffered extremely by contrast. In either case the resulting book would lose in power and simplicity. Neither of the authors named is fundamentally preoccupied with the ethical idea, and it is only in the ethical world that we find pure democracy.

Miss French has the power of seeing men apart from their accidental adjuncts, and is therefore able to depict the latter without prejudice. At the same time that she holds the mirror up to reality, she provides perfectly practicable ideals of life for the average man. Literature does not overflow with ideals suited to the plain citizen, and yet, if literature aspires to react upon life, it is precisely for the plain citizen

that it must furnish ideals. Happily both for literature and life, in the long run the average man may be trusted to find out the books which perform this office for him, and to develop an appetite for them. "The Missionary Sheriff" is destined to be discovered by the average man.

**"The National Movement"**

*In the Reign of Henry III. By Oliver H. Richardson. The Macmillan Co.*

BY FAR the greater number of works of historical investigation published nowadays are composed merely of detailed masses of facts put together with slight literary skill, and with no apparent intention to bring out the essential meaning of the facts. Though the specialist usually finds them worthy of a careful study, they bore the general reader. The reading public most naturally shuns historical monographs. Professional historians as a rule frown upon generalizations and the omission of facts that are not essential, and which as a rule have only a purely antiquarian interest. This condition of affairs is a direct result of the exaggeration of Ranke's historical method, which is at present prevalent in all countries. Of course, there have been protests, such as Mr. Frederic Harrison's, and the recent one of the German historian, Karl Lamprecht. This able writer says that, as a consequence of the attention paid to details to the exclusion of the broad problems involved in any work of historical research, the labors of the last few decades have resulted merely in the collection of a mass of well-prepared antiquarian matter. The great and only advantage of this work is that the synthetic historian has now at hand a vast amount of raw material ready for use. The trouble is that these collectors of raw material do not recognize what an humble function they perform, but consider themselves historians. It is significant that a reaction has set in against the prevailing tendency to regard the mere acquisition of any new fact, no matter how insignificant, as an advance in historical knowledge. This reaction is especially marked in Germany, which is but natural, as it was there that the microscopic tendency started.

It is a pleasant surprise nowadays to meet a monograph like the one under review; a monograph written directly from the sources, which is not overburdened with details, and whose facts are interpreted according to their essential meaning. Prof. Richardson's work is a carefully-thought-out, well-written work of investigation, of interest and value both to student and to layman. His erudition and his apparatus are kept sufficiently in the background (*i.e.*, in the footnotes) not to bore the general reader, while enough is given to enable the specialist to verify the results.

In general it may be said that the English kingship from the accession of William the Conqueror to the signing of Magna Charta was an absolute one. The victory gained by the baronage and people at Runnymede resulted in the overthrow of the Norman kings' absolutism. In the reign of John's son, Henry III, we see, on the one side, the king endeavoring to regain the powers of his ancestors, and on the other the baronage, aided by the people, seeking to uphold the aristocratic régime established by Magna Charta. As the king sought to gain his ends by introducing his Continental relatives in all places of trust, the question of the denationalization of England was brought into the constitutional question. Besides, as the Papacy was continually interfering with the Anglican Church and wringing money from it, the question of the independence of the national Church arose. On the one side we find the king and his alien advisers, and the Papacy; on the other, the baronage, the Church and the people of England. On contact with the non-ego, England became conscious of its national existence and sought to free itself from foreign influences in both secular and ecclesiastical matters. This consciousness of national existence was concomitant with the merging of the Norman nobility into the English people. In our author's

words, "the key-note of the constitutional and military conflicts of the reign of Henry III is the aspiration for separate national existence, and for a government national in both form and spirit, and in the personnel of the administration. \* \* \* In connection with the Barons' War, the first political poem in English makes its appearance, for the first time the English language is used in public documents, and knowledge of the English tongue is made in certain sections of the country the test of patriotism."

These movements leading to the nationalization of England, to the establishment of a national Parliament, uniting the Anglo-Saxon substructure with the Norman superstructure, to the freedom of the Anglican Church from Papal tutelage, are traced with rare skill and with the true historic spirit of Prof. Richardson.

#### "The Third Violet"

By Stephen Crane. D. Appleton & Co.

THE REVIEWER would infinitely prefer not to say that Mr. Stephen Crane is not living up to the level of his early achievement. The remark is so easy, so obvious, and has been made about young men of talent so often before, that persons of discrimination are naturally a little weary of the phrase. Unfortunately, however, "The Third Violet" leaves absolutely nothing else to be said. As everybody now knows, Mr. Crane once wrote a book which was remarkable for its penetrating psychology, its tremendously vivid descriptions, and a subtle suggestion of symbolism which made itself felt in the reader's impression that here was not only bold description of fighting with shot and shell, but a presentment as well of those other battles which the soul fights with viewless weapons. Of these excellences Mr. Crane has divested his work with a thoroughness that seems almost intentional, and yet it is inconceivable that even for an experiment in inanity a writer should be willing to follow up a book like "The Red Badge" with such a vacuous trifle as "The Third Violet."

The author not only shows no grasp of character, but omits to present any characters to grasp. The hero is a pallid shade called Hawker, who is understood to be an artist. Going up to his old home in the mountains one summer, he comes across another shade denominated Grace Fanhall. She has "distance in her eyes" and asks him where she will find the stage for Hemlock Inn. They meet at frequent intervals thereafter, and Hawker does not paint as much as he had expected to do. The girl drops a violet one day, and the young man picks it up. Another man comes up from New York, and Hawker resents his presence. Miss Fanhall returns to the city after freely bestowing another violet upon her admirer. He calls upon her in her home to tell her that he can never forget her nor the violets, but that he is going to leave town in order to forget himself. She promptly gives him a third violet, and he says "What?" The book contains, also, some irrelevant pages in which a number of impecunious young artists figure. We hear more of their impecuniousness than of their art. Their poverty, in fact, is so profound that it has infected their speech, which is ineffably scanty and slang, barely sufficing to communicate the most primitive ideas. It may, of course, be a point of honor with the young artists of New York to approximate sign-language as closely as possible, but the writer who would reproduce them in literature should remember that he is bound to supply in description the details to fill out a picture which the meagre dialogue barely serves to outline.

This is a fair résumé of the contents of the book. It will be perceived that the author has practically left the entire novel to the reader's imagination. Naturally the reader's imagination goes on strike, demanding less work and more profit, and the reader asks himself what Mr. Crane means by presenting to him characters which are as crude symbols of human nature as the figures savages draw with charred sticks. An artist in letters might deliberately choose to ef-

face the individuality of his characters in a story of this kind for two reasons. He might wish to paint an idyl of first love in the colors of the spring, and to make of it such a delicate and tender thing that any strong note of individuality would disarrange his values; or he might wish to make a sketch of young passion in lines so bold and strong that all the other lines must perforce be faint by contrast. "Paul and Virginia" is the classical example of the first of these experiments, and "Summer in Arcady" a contemporary instance of the second. But Mr. Crane is not seeking either of these effects, and he leaves us wholly in the dark as to what he does wish to achieve. He has blotted out individuality without offering any legitimate artistic substitute. You can have "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out, perhaps, but you cannot omit the entire cast, the stage and the manager, and claim that you are presenting a play. Maeterlinck says that he is not sure that a "static theatre" is out of the question, and he has gone some distance toward proving its possibility. However this may be, Mr. Crane has not yet proved that a novel can exist when the author neglects all consideration of characters, action and environment, and we venture to believe that he will never do so.

There are traces here and there in the book of the spectacular splendor of the author's first style, but they are only the ragged shreds of what once promised to be a garment of glory, eccentric in cut perhaps, but richly iridescent in effect. Taking the book as a whole, the author has prepared for those who would gladly be his admirers as many kinds of disappointment as 200 pages can possibly contain.

#### "A Loyal Traitor"

By James Barnes. Harper & Bros.

IT WOULD TAX the "higher criticism" to decide who wrote this tale of the War of 1812. If both the title-page and the "editor's note" are admitted as evidence, it would appear to be the work of three hands. The author, according to the former, is James Barnes; according to the latter, one John Hurdiss, a sea-captain who lived in Stonington, Connecticut, during the early part of this century. To make good the second theory, the "editor" further states that the manuscript of this autobiographical story was "found in an old desk that had been hidden away in the garret of a shipping-office. \* \* \* The story is written in an aged ledger, and parts of it required a great deal of care in the putting together, as the mice had unfortunately commenced their work of destruction. \* \* \* His grandchildren (for whom he probably wrote the story) are now given a chance to read of the strange adventures of their ancestors under three flags." We find in Mr. Barnes's tale published last year, "For King or Country," no convincing internal evidence that he wrote the book before us. Some of the chapter-heads, however—"A Change of Front," "A Confusion of Identities," "A Forced Opportunity," "The Clutch of Circumstance,"—suggest a love of mystery and hoax, and a certain versatility. On the whole, we think that Mr. Barnes has covered up his tracks pretty well, and beg to congratulate him on the mice, the redactor, etc., and on his success in reproducing the reposeful, unconscious manner of the other end of the century. His John Hurdiss, as a writer, has many of the excellencies of Defoe; indeed, his favorite book, we are informed, was "Robinson Crusoe."

Hurdiss's father was lost at sea, and when his mother died the boy settled down in the belief that he should never be happy again. The strong box, containing money for his education, and certain letters clearing up the mystery of his birth, were subsequently burned; and after sojourning for a while with his eccentric uncle, M. Henri Amédée Lovalle de Brienne, who lived a life of mildewed splendor near Stonington, he ran away to sea with only a Brienne button to bring him luck. From this point it is interesting to note how the several bits of knowledge he had picked up stood him in good stead. The disarming-stroke which his uncle had taught him

in their fencing practice won him the admiration of "Old Never-Sleep," the captain of the Young Eagle, on which he shipped as instructor in small arms. Within the next two years he became a British prisoner of war, masqueraded as a Frenchman among the refugees in England, was lieutenant on a fine schooner, and commander of two vessels. His safeguard, amid these vicissitudes, was his early and abiding love for Mary Tanner, the little Connecticut playmate who had loaned him "Robinson Crusoe" and whom he finally married. An effect of reality is given to the most improbable haps and mishaps by a profusion of minute and naïve detail. Had Mr. Barnes been writing a novel, rather than a chronicle in which the impression of truth must be sacrificed to that of actuality, it would have been unwise to include such incidents as that of the Yankee sailor severing his hand from his body, that he might avoid being pressed into the British service. This may be the historical fact, but so is, perhaps, the story of Mucius Scævola thrusting his hand into the sacrificial flame. It would be bad taste to dwell upon either incident in any account but a history.

The charm of this narrative lies in the telling. As if feeling his incapacity for literary workmanship, Hurdiss creates an equally fine effect, from time to time, by his very modesty. "Had I a gifted pen, I should love to describe" this or that, he says. And when he turns from his path to generalize, he heads himself off thus: "But I am moralizing, which is not my forte, anyhow; so enough of it." Upon the matter-of-fact background there is so little sentiment that even commonplace stands out luminously, as, for instance, when the sailor exclaims, "Oh, woman! who can account for your strange actions or analyze the motives of your inconsistencies!"

It is a very long time, indeed, since we have opened a boys' book possessing so distinctively and refreshingly the old fashioned note. Had not the "editor" been absorbed in the spinning of his yarn, he would probably have taken more pains with the revision of his English. On page 9 we read:—"he was the officer whom I have mentioned was so polite." This was rather a "misfortunate" slip for a sailor who was also a scholar.

#### Dr. Parkhurst's Talks

*1. Talks to Young Men. 2. Talks to Young Women.* By the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. The Century Co.

NOWADAYS Dr. Parkhurst does not mince words, whether he concerns himself with the rectification of the Police Department or deals familiarly with such themes as "The True Mission of Woman" or "The Stuff that Makes Young Manhood." In fact, he believes that delicate matters need all the more to be handled firmly and without evasion, inasmuch as so many parents are guilty of a "prudish unfrankness" towards their children. It need not be said that beneath his sententious style and straight-from-the-shoulder manner, there are discernible an earnest loyalty to American institutions and an unflinching insight into the disintegrating forces that beset them. Radical and conservative views play at hide and seek through these pages. The crying need of America, he says, is for better mothers. He cautions young men, prospecting for wives, against "andromaniacs," or those women who passionately ape everything mannish. Let them get, rather, a "warm bundle of femininity," one who will be to them a "fund of tropical comfort." There is a chapter on "The Father's Domestic Headship." Dr. Parkhurst does not believe that the teaching force in colleges for young women should be made up wholly, or in part, of men. On the subject of what constitutes a call to the ministry, he avers, there has been a great deal of small thinking and well-meaning imbecility.

The choice of a career is simply a matter of deciding by what art, trade, business, or profession, one can best subserve the public weal. If life does not seem worth living, it is perhaps because we teach ourselves to "crucify spontaneity on a cross of drudgery." As to the theatre, he is of the opinion that "if it were to come out frankly on the ground of unequivocal purity, the whole business would go into the hands of a receiver inside of a month," people so enjoy it, "taint and all." He has dipped his pen in blood surprisingly little for one who has been in such close combat with the

appalling tendencies of modern social life. These are the writings of one who has learned to "sweat 'is temper," albeit they lack the repose of Dr. Parkhurst's earlier published sermons. The volume addressed to young women contains much that should be read by young men, and vice versa.

#### "In the First Person"

By Maria Louise Pool. Harper & Bros.

IN HER new novel, Miss Pool has thrown the artistic temperament and the artistic career against a New England country background. The contrast is sharp and curious. The heroine writes her own biography—a fact which gives an excuse for a rather foolish title. Billy, as she is called, is the daughter of a farmer whose ideas of honor are not of the strictest. Her voice and her dramatic temperament are discovered by a distinguished prima donna, who takes possession of her in a fitful, erratic way. There is a good deal of sturdiness of character in Billy, and she is not much changed, either for good or evil, by the new environment. The author does not amalgamate her varying forces with complete success. In spite of its manifest cleverness, the book impresses one as being outside of life and somehow alien to it. Interesting as it is, it does not carry conviction. And one wonders how a writer can manage to do so much and yet so little. It is not a book to be remembered, nor to be reread, yet it can excite interest and pleasure. The author is much more successful in dealing with New England characters than with people of the stage. Billy's father is a genuine creation, and in a different way the mother is almost as good. Here Miss Pool is on her own field, which she knows well and understands. Her pictures of country life and of the effect of these strange incursions upon it are admirable. And the end of the book is rather well handled. In fact, there are so many good things in it that it is hard to understand why it does not live. Yet the fact that it does not is plainly evident.

#### "Opals from a Mexican Mine"

By George de Vallière. New Amsterdam Book Co.

TO SUCH uncomfortable and rarely comforted grumblers as call for some approach to verisimilitude in stories of local color, there is no small shock in falling upon Mexican tales which are not impossibly un-Mexican. Much good fiction, as fiction, comes under this geographic label, as well as a vast amount that is trash from every point of view. But whatever their literary merits, ninety per cent. of both is marred by ignorance—misspelled names, impossible Spanish, geography beyond words, and inconceivable ethnography—the author's darkness being acquitted by a jury of his peers. If Miss Wilkins had made her New Englanders talk Hoosier, wear *sabots* and practice polyandry, even her literary skill would hardly have made us overlook the incongruity. Yet this is precisely the sort of "local color" that habitually does duty for stories of Spanish America.

It is enough to be preeminent in one thing. Mr. de Vallière's book has herein its easiest distinction, and its largest. These are very good stories—but the road of literature is paved with such. They are told with a not unreasonable mysticism, poetically yet directly—as are so many, in this wofully clever age. But when you come to the quarter-post of truthfulness, they draw ahead of the ruck at once. Here are five stories of Mexico, filling nearly 300 pages; and in them all no worse local solecism than the dropping of a few accents, as from "zócalo." The like hardly happens twice in a decade. The local color is very good, except in the first story—and perhaps Mr. de Vallière is not blamable in reasoning that it would be too eccentric for anything labelled "Aztec" to shun absurdity. This story is in its furniture as unhappy as in its invention of the new conjugation "thou wilt," "thou shalt." Nor does it avail to lean too confidently upon the "extract from an ancient Nahualt manuscript in Querétaro," which the author has conveniently spun as the string for his gems. The ancient Nahualt had no manuscripts; and when they learned writing from the Spaniards, it was not precisely in the vernacular of Rider Haggard. But generally speaking, Mr. de Vallière's etchings of Mexico are, if not sympathetic, very far from ignorant. The supernatural clues which predominate are well taken; and though there is rather overmuch protuberance of hips here and there (as is somehow deemed necessary with opals and Mexico for accessories), the stories are characteristic, are told with imagination and considerable restraint, and—first duty, after all, of a story—are unmistakably interesting.

**"Tobias Smollett"**

*By Oliphant Smeaton. Famous Scots Series. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE CAREER of Tobias Smollett as adventurer, physician, literary and party hack, historian and novelist, might easily incite a "brither Scot" to produce a spirited biography. Mr. Oliphant Smeaton's readable essay in the *Famous Scots Series* is tintured with patriotic pride, but we could welcome a heartier partisanship. Smollett's virtues and his faults were such that he both deserves and is much in need of a champion, the more so as his latest editor, Mr. Saintsbury, has unduly magnified his failings and belittled his good qualities. But in Mr. Smeaton's pages we do not find the warm and vigorous advocacy that we have a right to expect.

The principal facts in Smollett's life are smoothly told. Mr. Smeaton makes him out to have been born at Cardross, in Scotland, in 1750. He was apprenticed to a Dr. John Gordon in Edinburgh, who described the future novelist as "a bubbly-nosed callant wi' a stane in his pouch," thus bearing witness to the pugnacity that was always a distinguishing trait of his character. He went up to London with a play in his pocket, which he did not succeed in getting produced; was probably pressed into His Majesty's service; took part in that memorable fiasco, the siege of Cartagena, and wrote an account of it which compares in horror with Defoe's account of the Great Plague. He returned to London, wrote lampoons against the ministry, and, according to Mr. Smeaton, deliberately set about novel-writing in emulation of Richardson and Fielding, whose works had already caught the public taste. Yet, in "*Roderick Random*" and his succeeding productions, he imitated neither of these, but rather Le Sage and the Spanish picaresque school. It is not unlikely that, his choice being made, Smollett, in the fashion of his countrymen, justified it to himself by the canny calculation which Mr. Smeaton attributes to him, that success would be more easily attained in a new line than by competing with the established favorites; but your Scotchman is never at a loss for an argument to show that his course has been well considered and prudent, even when it has turned out most disastrously and has manifestly been entered upon without counting the cost. Smollett took sides with the routed Jacobites after the battle of Culloden, although his personal and class interests, and his political convictions, had long before made him a Tory; and he and a friend were obliged to draw their rapiers against a London mob.

Of the famous quarrel with Wilkes, Mr. Smeaton gives but meagre details, and lays the blame for the rupture of friendly relations on Smollett. Yet the irascible Scot appears to have remained on amicable terms with Goldsmith, though they were editors of rival reviews. Wilkes's truculent and mostly unmerited abuse of his opponent is lightly dealt with by Mr. Smeaton, but Sterne's slight and deserved castigation of Smollett as "Smellfungus" is made the occasion for an onslaught on—Uncle Toby, of all persons real or fictitious!

Few will question the correctness of Mr. Smeaton's judgment as to the comparative merits of Smollett's several works. He places first in the scale the last in time, "*Humphrey Clinker*"; and, except that he would willingly omit "*Launcelot Greaves*" and "*The History of an Atom*," he rates the other novels in the reverse order to that of their production. "*Ferdinand Count Fathom*" is an advance on "*Peregrine Pickle*," and that story on the first and still the most widely known of Smollett's novels, "*Roderick Random*." There are chapters on "Smollett as Historian and Critic" and "Smollett as Poet and Dramatist," which, in a book so small as the present, might have been spared. But our author is much better as a critic than as a biographer. His account of Smollett's life is not so interesting as Mr. Saintsbury's; but he is both more judicious and more appreciative in his remarks upon Smollett's work.

**Fiction**

STORIES of the American Revolution are not so numerous as the dramatic possibilities of the subject would lead one to expect. So it is a pleasure to come upon as stirring a one as "*John Littlejohn of J.*" by George Morgan. Its hero is not as single-minded and noble a figure as he might be, but he comes in contact with patriots and heroes, and the atmosphere of heroism is refreshingly present in the book. The plot is ingenious, full of intrigue and adventure, and the style is vigorously adapted to its movement. There is no pause, no undue prolixity; one's interest is kept alive by the hurry of events and the writer's clear incisive

method of describing them. The narrative frequently brings us into the presence of Washington and Hamilton, and about the former the writer succeeds in weaving something of commanding majesty. The terrible strain of Valley Forge is in the book, which, nevertheless, ends joyfully with the universal peace. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)—A HANDSOME new edition of "*John Halifax*," with illustrations by Hugh Riviere, testifies to the undiminished popularity of the story. A prefatory note gives some information regarding the book, its characters and its author. It is interesting to notice, by the way, that the copyright on "*John Halifax*" will expire next year, and that 100,000 copies of a six-penny edition will be issued in England on that occasion. (Harper & Bros.)

WHOEVER cares for daring and dangerous detective work, will find "*Captain Shannon*," by Coulson Kernahan, decidedly to his taste. Captain Shannon, be it known, is the mysterious head of a band of conspirators that dreams of freedom for Ireland and Russia alike; and the crimes committed in his name—dynamite outrages and murders—make his apprehension a matter of great import to the officials at Scotland Yard. It is, of course, an amateur detective who resolves to trace him to his lair, and it is this man's narrative that Mr. Kernahan reports. The story is excellent from first page to last, not the least of its merits being the fact that it reminds us neither of Dr. Doyle nor of Gaboriau; a peculiarity to be observed, also, is that from first page to last the tale is without a woman. After the author's allegorical tales, this stirring narrative, without moral or purpose of any kind, comes as somewhat of a surprise. That it will be a welcome surprise to all who read it, there can be no doubt. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"*THE LAST Recruit of Clare's*," by S. R. Keightley, takes its name from the first story in the collection; the rest of the tales purport to be "passages from the memoirs of Anthony Dillon, Chevalier of St. Louis, and late Colonel of Clare's Regiment in the service of France." This same Anthony Dillon is a veritable Don Quixote, with rather more dexterity and efficiency than that gentleman had in conducting ladies through hairbreadth escapes and otherwise proving himself *sans peur et sans reproche*. His warlike virtues are furthermore invested with a tender grace, from the fact that he is one of those who "loved and lost." One of the best stories in the collection is "*The Mistress of France*," in which is recorded an interview with Madame de Pompadour. The author's style is clear and full of vitality. Not less invigorating is the moral tone of all the stories. (Harper & Bros.)

"*THE ETERNAL ENIGMA: A Page from the Life of Yvette Guibert*" is meant to be a very wicked story; but in the preface Mlle. Guibert declares that the wickedness ascribed to her—or the heroine—is the invention of the author, M. Louis de Robert, and that the page was in reality white as driven snow. The preface is funny, so is the story; and so, indeed, are the illustrations, from photographs taken from life by Pach Bros. The book is a diverting specimen of unconscious humor. (Judge Pub. Co.)

MARCEL PRÉVOST is undoubtedly one of the three or four rising writers of France; and his "*Lettres de Femmes*"—the first series, at least—ranks among his best books. These letters are supremely clever in workmanship—the author's consummate constructive skill being effectively hidden by its own achievement—the apparent spontaneity and absolute naturalness of these letters and extracts from diaries. Of course, a great many of them will not bear translation; the others must needs lose a great deal of their charm in the transference. Mr. Arthur Hornblow, who has made a selection of Prévost's "*Lettres of Women*," has produced a creditable version, when we consider the difficulties in his way. Those who wish to make the acquaintance of M. Prévost will not regret doing so through this translation, which adequately represents him in matter and manner—the former being, of course, chiefly concerned with what women's letters usually contain—tales of love—sacred and profane—mostly profane. The translation has been made by special arrangement with the author. The little volume is very handsomely bound. (New York: Meyer Bros. & Co.)

IT IS NOT enough that one who writes a romance founded upon the Bible should have good intentions. We require enough reverence to forbid undue familiarity, and enough humor to prevent exaggeration and the clothing of platitudes in sounding phrases. These are perhaps the least of the qualities necessary to a suc-

cessful work of this description, but they are indispensable. And "John: A tale of King Messiah," by Katharine Pearson Woods, does not possess them. The style is artificial and contorted, and its effort to reach the Biblical sonorous simplicity is made through inverted and twisted phrases, high-sounding, meaningless adjectives, and a profusion of "thees" and "thous." The laws of rhetoric are abandoned to produce an effect which is not attained, and simplicity is a virtue unrecognized in this writer's creed. She is well supplied with daring, however, and even ventures to compete with the Apostles in describing the death of Jesus. It is a temptation to preface the book with the sententious remark of one of its characters:—"Nay, of a truth, I did but jest," he cried, "or if not, what matters it?" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) —J. ASHBY-STERRY'S "A Tale of the Thames" is a rambling book, containing much commonplace description of the scenery along that river, from its source to Laleham, strung upon the slenderest possible thread of story. Regarded in the light of a hand-book to the river and the hamlets upon its bank, it has a certain value, but the "Lazy Minstrel" who wrote it seems to have been even more indolent than is his wont. Of literary quality it is entirely innocent, unless it be a literary quality to be excellently printed upon good paper. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)



IN THE preface to "A Strong Man Armed," Mr. Walter Phelps Dodge avows himself a disciple of the romantic school, and commends his stories to the favor of "the indulgent seeker after mental rest." In this he does well. This little volume may be absolutely guaranteed as containing nothing calculated to disturb the mental rest of the most irritable. Whether such harmlessness is the maximum attainment in literature, is, of course, a matter of opinion. Shakespeare had other views, and so has Kipling, but, if Mr. Dodge holds such a theory as to the function of a book of tales, he is quite within his rights in embodying his idea in 211 wide-margined pages. The margins, by the way, are comely to look at and the paper is of a good quality. (London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.) —IN E. EVERETT GREEN'S "Olive Roscoe; or, the New Sister," beside the customary bright and courageous heroine, made in her creator's image, there are a recluse, a three-cornered house, a colliery and a colliers' strike. And—we had almost forgotten to add—there are half-tone pictures in which the bright and beneficent heroine bends over the suffering but heroic invalid, and in which curiously proportioned figures are dressed in the height of last year's fashions. It runs to 400 pages, and ends with a chapter entitled "Wedding Bells." (T. Nelson & Sons.)



"PHILIPPA," by Mrs. Molesworth, belongs to that sort of fiction which is consumed in quantities by young ladies, who must have a weekly supply of it, just as they must have daily dinners and new bonnets at stated periods. It travels, that is to say, along the course of a love-affair, to end up with a marriage, which renders the heroine "perfectly happy, perfectly satisfied," although the author, with an eye to the probabilities, intimates that a life "of some restrictions, even possibly of a certain amount of struggle," is still before her. Besides this, there are some vague religious musings, a dissatisfied egotist and a comic dog. What more could any young lady or her mamma wish for? The book is illustrated with half tone pictures. (J. B. Lippincott Co.) —"LOU" is a tale of curious and pathetic interest, which, even in translation, justifies the vogue which its author, Baron von Roberts, enjoys in Germany. The leading characters are a Negro, a diva of the music-halls, and a dog; but they are all, as depicted, very human, natural and not in the least improper. On the contrary, one of the many refreshing things about the book is that it makes conceivable to the American reader the sort of romance of the modern French fashion which we usually find so artificial when it is reported for us by French writers. We can understand the successful Mira, who, with all her hunger for luxury, which has driven one lover to suicide, yet keeps a warm place in her heart for the poor Negro waif, Lou, only to sacrifice him at last to an assured position and a title. Lou's attachment to his dead master's dog, which, also, betrays him to satisfy its hunger, is exceedingly well depicted; and the scenes in the menagerie, which the two, man and dog, are obliged by famine to join, are related with considerate spirit. The English version might be more artistic; but the interest of the story does not depend on the manner in which it is told. (American Publishers' Corporation.)

## The Critic

### Carpite Florem

WHEN every dale is rich with green  
And arabesque with flowers,  
When blue-bells o'er the brooklet lean  
To ring the fleeting hours,

When peach blooms fly in mimic snow  
The purple violets over,  
When mating birds skim to and fro  
Across the emerald clover,

When crocus comes with store of gold  
To rival sunny treasures,  
When lovers plead the story old,  
Or sigh in amorous measures,

There's radiance rife on sea and land  
Transforming everything  
By Nature's necromantic hand;  
Rejoice,—'tis gentle Spring!

Then let us wander down the vale  
And up the winding shore,  
And see the primrose bending pale  
As in the days of yore:

What though the witchery of Spring  
Be all too bright to last?  
The more the reason now to sing  
Before it all be passed.

WILLIAM THORNTON WHITSETT.

### The Fine Arts

#### Architectural Competitions

SO LONG AGO as 1893, a bill was passed by the Senate and House of Representatives and signed by the President, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to obtain designs for United States Government buildings by competition among the architects of the country at large. So far, however, as was noted in *The Critic* on June 12, no Secretary of the Treasury has ventured on so radical a change in the time-honored routine of the Department. Now it is announced that the post of Government Supervising Architect itself is to be filled by a competitive examination. It may be doubted whether any first-class architect will be found willing to sacrifice a profitable practise for the meagre remuneration offered by the Government. Not that a first-class architect would be needed in the position, if the provisions of the Tarsney Bill, as set forth in our first paragraph, were made effective. But even in this case there would hardly be a sufficient inducement to persuade the heads of the profession to enter into general competitions, even for public buildings. As one of these very men has justly said:—"It is natural, so long as architects are expected to furnish for \$500 virtually preliminary drawings for work entailing very often an expenditure of \$1,000,000, for which it is agreed the world over that architects shall charge one per cent., or \$10,000, that the best men—the busy men—will not consent to compete, though the layman is only too anxious to have a competition on these terms."

The men with established reputations will never take part in competitions until such a regular schedule has been established, making uniform charges for competitive drawings, as already exists for other professional services. This is the only business basis, the only possible basis, on which busy professional men can be expected to give a large amount of their time and work. At present a competition is only too often regarded by those who invite architects to enter it as a cheap way of getting ideas.

A well-known architect has recorded as a fact that a member of a committee which had invited a competition for a large building told him:—"We have ten competitors—we can only select one architect—but we expect to get at least five hundred dollars' worth of ideas out of each one of the others." A competition should be held—if at all—not for the selection of plan, but for the selection of an architect; and it is preferable always to select him, not by a competition, but out of hand, on his record. We don't hold competitions among other professional men before placing an important commission in the hands of one of them. No one ever thinks of selecting a surgeon to perform a critical operation, or a lawyer to plead for his life, liberty or fortune, by such means; not even a painter, nor a sculptor, to make his portrait. The members of these professions would reject with derision the pretensions of any lay individual to decide on their respective merits.

And this brings us to the crux of the whole matter. The real reason—far more serious than the inadequacy of the remuneration—why the leading architects decline to enter competitions or do so with reluctance and (too often well-founded) misgivings, is because of the insufficiency of the program and the incompetence of the judges.

In the competition now on foot for the new building of the National Academy of Design, the competitors themselves—invited and paid—drew up the program, or, at any rate, those portions of it which set forth the conditions under which they are competing. The question of the judges is even more serious; in no case that we can recall has there been given to any one of those few men of real eminence in the profession whose judgment would be accepted without question by his fellow-artists, the only position which he should occupy in a competition—that of a judge whose award should be final. At best he is made a member of a committee, and as often as not the whole of this committee is merely “advisory” and its verdict in the nature of a recommendation. Even when more than one authority is put on this committee, the experts are invariably in a minority.

The program of the competition must be a legal contract and bind its publishers to certain definite obligations. These may or may not involve certain remuneration for competitive drawings; in the case of many public and Government buildings, there might be glory enough to tempt the greatest architect to compete, but then he must feel that the decision is in the hands of a greater than he, to whose opinion, even if it be adverse, he is willing to bow, and whose award he knows will be unquestionable.

#### Art Notes

ARTICLES of incorporation of the American Academy in Rome have been filed. The incorporators are Messrs. Charles F. McKim, J. Q. A. Ward, Edwin H. Blashfield, Daniel C. French, Augustus St. Gaudens and William A. Boring. Their object is the maintenance of an institution in Rome for the study of architecture, sculpture and painting, by a limited number of American students.

—Dr. J. Ackerman Coles has offered to Gov. Griggs of New Jersey a gigantic bronze bust of his father, the late Dr. Abraham Coles, executed by Mr. James Quincy Adams Ward. The bust will probably be erected in Newark, and will rest on a pedestal of stones from Palestine, the great Pyramid and Plymouth, Mass.

—Mr. Macmonnie's Baccante will probably not be put on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum before the autumn, as the Director wishes it to be new to the public at that time. The group will stand on a pedestal of Irish green Connemara marble, which Mr. McKim imported last year and especially designed for the purpose.

—Some of the more important articles in the July *Magazine of Art* are “The Royal Painter-Etchers,” by Frederick Wedmore; some notes on the Wallace collection, with illustrations, by the editor; and “The Art Movement,” by Henri Franz, showing how what we may call the poster style of decoration is invading the minor arts of bookbinding and inlaying. There is a timely paper on “The Royal Collections,” with many illustrations.

#### London Letter

IT IS a great pity that directly a good idea succeeds it should be villainously overdone, but experience proves that this is so, and nowhere more generally than in the world of letters. Shortly, I believe, we shall have another example of the inanition produced by excess. If an observant critic had been asked to note the most conspicuous trait of the publishing seasons of last year, he would almost certainly have pointed to the sudden increase of interest in the English classics, provoked by such charming reprints as those conducted by Mr. J. M. Dent and by Messrs. Bliss & Sands. It almost seemed as though we were face to face with a real recrudescence of literary taste; and those of us who cannot accept the effusions of Miss Marie Corelli as finally satisfying were congratulating ourselves that the general public also was beginning to turn back to work which possessed the lasting quality. But alas! the competition of publishers has defeated its own ends, and on every side I hear complaints that the booksellers are so much inundated with cheap and graceful reprints that the supply has already begun to exceed the demand. Two or three houses have confessed that they will be obliged to discontinue their series, and probably by the autumn two-thirds of the promised editions of the classics will be defunct prematurely. This is very disappoint-

ing; but, after all, the publishers have no one but themselves to blame. Very few of the houses have the pluck to launch out into a new venture on their own behalf: they wait till someone else has tested the experiment, and then content themselves with imitation. By the time their own enterprises are fairly started, the “boom” is exhausted, and the fortunate moment past. Never was this more clear than in the rush for the classics which was so vigorous a feature of last year. The poor scholar profited immensely for a season, and then the reaction. Mr. Dent, however, remains unassailed, and the day is probably far distant when his “Temple Classics” will cease to attract. Still, for the sake of one's own library, one could wish that his imitators had had more of the lasting quality!

There was a song popular some fifteen years ago whose refrain set forth that

“When the war is o'er,  
We'll meet once more,”

and so on with melodious variations. Some such theme might well be running in the brains of the doughty writers for the press who are now reassembling in London, at the close of the war-scare from the East. Mr. Stephen Crane was seen in the Strand yesterday afternoon, and Mr. Richard Harding Davis is also in the neighborhood. Of Mr. Crane's next move there is no certainty, but he will probably “conclude,” as you say, that nothing pays him like fiction. The unanimity of his reviewers, indeed, must sometimes suggest to him that he merits the envy of the gods. In England nothing succeeds like success. Mr. Crans, one would think, would be the first to confess that his last little book, “The Third Violet,” is an absolutely unpretentious piece of work, thrown off as a *parergon*, and yet his critics have been proclaiming it these three weeks as a masterpiece. There must be something rather disconcerting about this bell-wether school of eulogy, and one wishes Mr. Richard Harding Davis better luck. For the clever author of “Soldiers of Fortune” seems really to have found his English audience—at last. His new book is one of the most widely discussed of the season, and the fact that he has been retained by *The Times* to report the Jubilee celebrations proves that his graphic touch and color are thoroughly appreciated in the headquarters of journalism. There seems to be a general idea that Mr. Davis will, if he elects to remain in London, become one of its most conspicuous figures, and it is certainly a long time since an American writer has made so many friends upon this side.

The talented author of “The Silence of Dean Maitland” has just completed a new novel, which is to appear during the coming autumn. As most people know, “Maxwell Gray” is really Miss M. G. Tuttiett, and for years she lived in Newport, Isle of Wight, where her father was a medical practitioner. Upon his death, some three years ago, Miss Tuttiett removed to Richmond Hill, where she has a pretty little house, and lives with her mother. Unfortunately she is an invalid, and leaves the house but little. She finds her consolation in literature, and in the companionship of her pet cats, of which she has always several magnificent specimens about the house. Her new book is the result of some three years' work, and is expected to cause more sensation than any of her books since “Dean Maitland.” By the by, it is refreshing in these days of short-lived literature to know that the circulation of that clever story is still sustained, and that new editions are regularly called for. Something like a thousand copies of the story are still sold yearly.

The next volume of the monumental “Dictionary of National Biography” is to contain one of the most important, and considerably the longest, of the biographies yet included in its valuable pages. This is the life of Shakespeare, which is from the pen of Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor-in-chief. Mr. Lee, it is said, has searched far and near for material, and will publish for the first time several facts which will be found to justify the divergence of his views from those generally held upon several debated points. Moreover, he differs altogether from the accepted interpretation of the personality of the Mr. W. H. of the Sonnets. The Life will further be at variance with the usual scheme of the work in that its concluding section will be of posthumous interest, tracing the growth of Shakespeare's influence and reputation both at home and abroad.

Prof. Dowden has concluded his volume upon “French Literature,” which is to form the second of Mr. Gosse's Histories of the Literature of the World, and the publication of the work may be expected among the earliest books of the autumn season. It is about the same length as Mr. Gilbert Murray's initial volume, and proceeds upon the same systems both of synthesis and analysis.

LONDON, 11 JUNE 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

## A Book and its Story

A TREASURE-HOUSE OF INFORMATION

THE SECOND VOLUME of the "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," edited by Dr. W. R. Nicoll and Mr. Thomas J. Wise (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is nowise inferior in interest and value to the first. Among its contents we may mention as particularly important the "bio-bibliographical note" on Mrs. Browning, which includes descriptions of her scarce books, "The Battle of Marathon" (1820), the "Essay on Mind, and Other Poems" (1826), the translation of "Prometheus Bound," etc. (1833), the 1844 edition of the "Poems," and "The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point" (1849); also her "Essay on Carlyle" and three letters on her religious opinions written in 1843 and 1844.

Few readers of Mrs. Browning are aware, probably, that the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" were first printed in 1847, at Reading, with the title "Sonnets by E. B. B. (not for publication)." It was not until 1850 that they were included in the two-volume edition of her Poems, and said to be "from the Portuguese"; and in these early issues there were but forty-three sonnets, as also in the revised edition of the Poems in 1853. In 1856 the number was increased to forty-four by the addition of the sonnet beginning:—

"My future will not copy fair my past":  
I wrote that once," etc.

This was transferred from the "Miscellaneous Sonnets" in the 1850 and 1853 editions, and placed between Nos. 41 and 42 of the "Portuguese" poems. Critics have sometimes been puzzled by the fact that early reviewers refer to these as 43 in number; and some of them have assumed that the 44th (last) was the one added to the original series.



The writer in the "Literary Anecdotes" says, with evident scepticism:—"The tale has been told how, in allusion to her darkness, Browning had called her his Portuguese, and how she in playfully responsive allusion had described these love-sonnets as sonnets from the Portuguese." We have no doubt that the story is true, having heard it forty years ago from a lady who was intimately acquainted with the Brownings in Italy.

The separate edition of "The Runaway Slave" (which was originally contributed to "The Liberty Bell," a book published in connection with an anti-slavery bazaar in Boston, 1848), is one of the rarest of these rare volumes. It appeared in London in 1849, and was the first book—or pamphlet—issued under the author's married name.

The "Essay on Carlyle" is "disentangled" from the criticism on Carlyle in R. H. Horne's "New Spirit of the Age" (1844) by the aid of letters from the author to Mr. Horne. The writer in the "Anecdotes" intimates that Horne was indebted to her for much other matter in his book, which he calls "a perfect treasure-house of high criticism from the hand of the greatest woman-poet of this or any other country or century, if only we knew exactly where to light upon her thoughts." We doubt not that she was a keener critic than Horne, as she certainly was a better poet. We have always valued the "New Spirit of the Age" for its criticisms of the early work of authors—Tennyson, for instance—who afterward became famous. It was reprinted here by the Harpers, but is long since out of print.



Equally new and interesting is the long paper on "The Building of the Idylls" (Tennyson's), giving bibliographical descriptions of several early editions which have eluded the scrutiny of former editors and commentators. "A Contribution to the Bibliography of Swinburne" deals chiefly with poems and essays that have been printed in pamphlet-form and are of extraordinary rarity, together with a large number of his contributions to magazines and newspapers

which are quite unknown to collectors. We may mention also the three letters concerning Ruskin's "Construction of Sheepfolds," by the Rev. F. D. Maurice; a fairy-tale by Charlotte Brontë, written when she was only fifteen; a criticism on George Meredith by George Eliot; Landor's "Open Letter to Ralph Waldo Emerson," drawn forth by some comments on Landor in "English Traits" which roused his indignation; an article on the very scarce volume of poems published by Keats in 1817 and other rarities connected with the poet; facts concerning Emily Augusta Patmore, the original of "The Angel in the House"; extracts from an old commonplace book of Edward Fitzgerald's; papers on the suppressed works of Rudyard Kipling, and on the author of "Festus"; and "ana" relating to Dr. John Brown, Dickens, Ruskin, Emerson, Patrick Brontë, Besant and Rice, Charles Lamb, Jane Clairmont, Froude, Newman, Barrie, and many other authors.

The Landor letter to Emerson is as piquant as the original edition is rare. It was published at Bath in pamphlet-form without date, and no date is given in the "Anecdotes." It was reprinted (108 copies only) by the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, Ohio, in 1895. Emerson, in the "English Traits" (and the passage remains unaltered in the revised edition of 1876, in which, however, we note the curious misprint of "indignation" for "imagination" in the closing sentence, in which he credits Landor with "wisdom, wit, and imagination"), referring to his visit to Landor, says:—"He pestered me with Southey; but who is Southey?" Landor replies:—

"I am sorry to have 'pestered' you with Southey,' and to have excited the inquiry, 'Who is Southey?' I will answer the question. Southey is the poet who has written the most imaginative poem of any in our own times, English or Continental; such is 'The Curse of Kehama.' Southey is the proseman who has written the purest prose; Southey is the critic the most cordial and the least invidious. Show me another, of any note, without captiousness, without arrogance, and without malignity. 'Slow rises worth by poverty deprest.' But Southey raised it."

Wordsworth, on the other hand, Landor detested. He says of him:—

"He often gave an opinion on authors which he never had read, and on some which he could not read; Plato for instance. \* \* \* The first time I ever met him \* \* \* he spoke contemptuously of Scott, and violently of Byron. He chattered about them incoherently and indiscriminately. In reality, Scott had singularly the power of imagination and construction: Byron had little of either; but this is what Wordsworth neither said nor knew. His censure was hardened froth. I praised a line of Scott's on the dog of a traveller lost (if I remember) on Skiddaw. He said it was the only good one in the poem, and began instantly to recite a whole one of his own upon the same subject. This induced me afterwards to write as follows on a fly-leaf in Scott's poems:—

Ye who have lungs to mount the Muse's hill,  
Here slake your thirst aside their liveliest rill:  
Asthmatic Wordsworth, Byron piping hot,  
Leave in the rear, and march with manly Scott."

On Emerson's remark that "Landor is strangely undervalued in England," he comments thus:—"I have heard it before, but I never have taken the trouble to ascertain it"; and in reply to the statement that he is "savagely attacked in the reviews," he says:—"Nothing more likely; I never see them; my acquaintances lie in a different and far distant quarter. Some honors have, however, been conferred on me in the literary world. \* \* \* I think as many have offered me the flatteries of verse as ever were offered to any one but Louis the Fourteenth." The letter abounds in these thoroughly Landoresque passages, but we must not take space to quote more of them here, nor can we quote things no less characteristic and appetizing which we had marked for the scissors in other parts of the volume.



The illustrations include sundry autographs of Keats, Swinburne, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Browning, and others, and facsimile reproductions of rare title-pages, etc. An index of eleven pages completes the handsome octavo of more than 500 pages.

W. J. R.

### The Lounger

THE ENGLISH Publishers' Circular denies us a native literature; which is rather wounding to our pride. It admits that there are "several charming writers in America," which does something to heal the wound, but not much, for it goes on to say:—

"Hawthorne, her [America's] greatest creative mind, is simply a seventeenth-century Englishman in nineteenth-century New England. Irving modelled himself on our eighteenth century writers. Poe owed all his inspiration to Europe, as did also Emerson. Longfellow and Lowell are European in culture and tone. Whittier, as far as the Quaker conscience permitted, was a disciple of Burns; and though Cooper found his material among the aborigines, he took his cue from Scott. Coming to living American writers, Mr. Henry James not only makes his home with us, but loves to delineate English society; and Mr. Howells, while protesting against English influence, owes a debt to Goldsmith and preaches Heine and Tolstoi. Mr. Bret Harte worships at the shrine of Dickens, and Capt. Mahan, who taught Englishmen to appreciate England's sea power, appropriately finds his hero in Nelson, whose portrait he has drawn once for all."

THE ONLY WRITERS whom English critics seem to consider typically American, are Mrs. Gertrude Atherton and Mr. Stephen Crane. No American who has any respect for his country's literature can read with patience the praise bestowed by certain English papers—*The Athenaeum* and *The Academy* among others—on Mr. Crane's latest story, "The Third Violet." I think that these papers take delight in picking out our most commonplace, vulgar books to praise for their "Americanism." They call them "racy," and say they are the sort of books American authors should write, instead of those that show cultivation and a decent regard for grammar. What have such barbarians as we to do with literature? Let us describe American life as the English believe it to be—then they will applaud. They would praise cowboy poets, they abuse Mr. Lowell (as *The Athenaeum* did recently), and they would no doubt pat us on the back for Blind Tom, while they would let Mr. MacDowell's musical genius go unnoticed. In other words, they only care for things American when they are "freakish." No one can accuse me of Anglophobia, but I must admit that I lose patience when I see such a book as Mr. Crane's "Third Violet" singled out for unqualified praise in England. That book is called there a genuine American product, but "The Scarlet Letter," "The Sketch-Book," "The Conduct of Life," "Hiawatha," "The Biglow Papers," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," etc.—these are English!

IN HIS LITTLE bi-weekly of prices current, Mr. George D. Smith declares that rare books have risen in price, lately, at an astonishing rate:—

"The Frederickson sale is a very good example of this rapid increase. I bought in the Ives sale, presentation copies of Keats's Poems and Shelley's 'Queen Mab' for \$120 and \$190 respectively, selling them to 'Fred' at a small advance. This was in 1891. In 1897 at the recent sale the two books sold for \$915! And when I bought them in 1891 everybody said 'How dear!'"

Mr. Smith calls the attention of collectors to two forthcoming books—Mr. W. L. Andrews's "Early Views of New York" and Mr. Francis Wilson's "selection of the many valuable unpublished letters of great writers which he possesses."



PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. SCHILLARE  
MR. GERALD STANLEY LEE

THIS IS AN excellent likeness of the author of that remarkable book, "The Shadow Christ," and yet, like almost every likeness, it leaves much unsaid. A better notion of Mr. Lee is to be had from the letter from the Rev. Mr. Zelie, with which to-day's *Critic* opens. Mr. Lee needs no introduction to the readers of this journal. His signature has appeared at the foot of many a striking article; and many a review equally striking has been recognized as his, even when the signature was lacking. It is his intention, by the way, to put into a volume his fugitive essays and reviews.

I AM GLAD to see that the English critics are beginning to appreciate Mr. Richard Harding Davis. *The Academy* has a most complimentary review of his "Soldiers of Fortune" in its Fiction Supplement (June 5), but why does it say that Mr. Davis is in love with "beauty and frankness, with freshness and **Rheumatism, gout, gouty eczema, &c.**?" The word "and" comes at the foot of a page, and turning over, the first words that the reader meets on the other side are those I have quoted. Needless to say, they occur at the beginning of a patent-medicine advertisement, to be bound up with the reading-matter. The review is resumed on a later page. See, also, Mr. Waugh's London Letter, on page 442 of this issue.

IN THE same number of *The Academy*, Mr. Henry Harland has a readable essay "Concerning the Short Story," in which he names Mr. Henry James as "the supreme prince of short-story writers." I don't know that I am quite prepared to name Mr. James as the "supreme prince" of this form of fiction, with Rudyard Kipling still in the field; but again, when I think of "The Passionate Pilgrim" and other stories published in the volume bearing its name, I wonder if, after all, Mr. Harland is not right. "Mr. James's work," he says, "is not to be approached by people whose interest in literature is superficial or unenlightened. It is not work to be taken up when we are tired or feeble-minded. \* \* \* But it is work which, if people who are authentically and intelligently interested in literature will bring their best minds to it, besides all the pure aesthetic pleasure it must give them, will illustrate better than any other work the special character, the special qualities, and the special artistry of the short story." As to the truth of this statement I have no doubt.



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GEORGE DU MAURIER

IN THE July number of *Scribner's Magazine* is a portrait of the late George du Maurier, drawn from life by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson. It was made in du Maurier's house in Oxford Square, in June 1896. In October of the same year the author of "Trilby" died. This is, therefore, in all probability, the last portrait ever made of one of the most famous artist-authors of his time. That it should have been made by so distinguished a draughtsman as Mr. Gibson makes it doubly valuable. Du Maurier, as you will see, has been caught in the act of talking. He is also regarding his interlocutor with an expression of great interest, as is shown by the raised eyebrows and the half-closed lids. In his hands are the spectacles through which he looked when he wrote "Trilby" and "The Martian." If we could see more of them, we should see that one of the glasses is dark, as shown in the tail-piece of "Trilby." I have Messrs. Scribner's kind permission to reproduce Mr. Gibson's drawing, which is extremely timely, as "The Martian" is to appear in book-form in July.



THE SPRINGFIELD *Republican* comments as follows on *The Critic's* intention of publishing in full M. Brunetière's recent lectures in this city on Contemporary French Literature:—

"The daily papers take the lead of the literary reviews in this as in too many other matters. If one were to look for adequate surveys and judgments of the lives and works of literary men on the occasions of their death, they [sic] would find them in few of the newspapers at once—it is an exception when a literary review attempts such a thing, and when it does it is three or four weeks after the event."

This gives a different impression from my own; and on reading it, I turned to the files of *The Critic* to see whether or no it was a true one. There I found that Lord Tennyson died on 6 Oct.

1892, and that a long critical article on his work appeared in *The Critic* of Oct. 15, over the signature of Dr. Henry van Dyke; that Dr. Holmes died on 7 Oct. 1894, and that many pages of criticism and comment appeared in our issue of Oct. 13, and immediately following dates. The same was true in the case of Mr. Lowell, of Mr. Whitman, of Mr. Patmore, of Robert Louis Stevenson, of Miss Rossetti, of Mrs. Stowe. Indeed, it has been the rule in the case of all the famous authors who have died since the first number of *The Critic* appeared, early in 1881.



*The Independent* showed considerable enterprise in getting the Laureate's poem, "Victoria the Good," for publication in its issue of June 17. Mr. Austin evidently wrote in hot haste, and without time to pick and choose his words with the care that might have been expected of the man and the occasion. It is infelicitous enough to say

" And round her Throne her people pour,  
Recalling sixty years ago."

It is altogether too infelicitous to say

" And loud rang out a Nation's vow,  
'God guard the Lady of the Land!'"

A prayer or petition is not a vow; it would have been just as well to call it an affidavit; and if anything could be more cacophonous than "God guard" I never wish to hear it. Apropos of these infelicities, S. J. B. writes to me:—

" Mark Pattison said to one of our own literary men, years ago, 'Do your people demand such careful writing? Ours do not—not the mass of them.' Evidently not. I have made it my pleasure and joke for years to collect absurdities from the articles reprinted in *Littell's* from leading English journals, and they are almost unthinkable. Constant reading of our own leading magazines furnishes none such. That there are English 'giants in these days,' it would be folly to deny; but many of my specimens are signed with their names."



SPEAKING OF "giants in these days," the literary specimens of the race do not appear to have attracted the Queen's attention when the list of holiday honors was prepared. Gilbert as a humorist is unique, and diverting to a degree, and Mr. Lecky the historian well merited the recognition he has won. But there are others of equal if not greater renown than these two who might well have been recognized on this occasion. Music is honored in the persons of Sullivan and Tosti, and science is not ignored.



IN A RECENT number of *The River and Coast*, a London journal devoted to boating and yachting, I find an interesting account of the Hammersmith Girls' Sculling Club, which was founded in May 1896, by the help of Dr. F. J. Furnivall, the eminent Shakespeare scholar and critic, and his friends, with the purpose of giving healthful exercise and innocent enjoyment to working girls. The Club's first boat was given by Dr. Furnivall, and several others have been got through the generosity of friends and subscribers. These are in constant use during the girls' holidays by the members with their relatives and friends. In August 1896, Dr. Furnivall took a house on the river-bank; this he lets the Club use free until they can pay the rent and other expenses. It is pleasantly fitted up, and many teas, social meetings and dances have been held there. During the winter months classes in Shakespeare, elocution and singing have been formed, the teachers offering their services gratuitously. The Club has now thirty girl members, paying 1s. 6d. (about 37 cents) a month, and sixteen male honorary members, who pay 1s. 9d. (43 cents) a month. Its success thus far has been complete, and its prospects for the future are bright. Its energetic founder and those who have worked with him to establish it trust that it will continue to merit the aid it has received from generous friends, and that the number of these will increase from year to year.

## Education

### Ex-President Cleveland's Degree

WE GIVE herewith the text of Mr. Cleveland's acceptance of the honorary degree conferred upon him by Princeton University, on the occasion of the 150th Commencement Exercises on June 16. The ex-President was evidently moved by the enthusiastic cordiality of his reception into the fellowship of the University.

"I cannot forbear the expression of my profound appreciation of the honor just conferred upon me, and the assurance of my gratitude for the hearty welcome which has greeted my admission to the brotherhood of Princeton University. As I recall the commanding place which Princeton holds among the universities of our land; as I remember her glorious history, her venerable traditions, her bright trophies won on the field of higher education, and her sacred relation to the patriotic achievements which made us a nation, I am proud of the honor which has come to me through her grace and favor. And as I realize the sincere and friendly comradeship attached to this new honor, I cannot keep out of mind the feeling that an additional tie has this day been created, binding me with closer affection and deeper delight to the home where I hope to spend the remainder of my days."

In presenting Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Charles E. Green (Trustee) got so far as to say these words:—"I have the very great honor and pleasure of presenting for the degree of Doctor of Laws the Honorable Grover Cleveland." At this point the applause was tumultuous and deafening and so prolonged that Mr. Green felt impelled to conclude his remarks without waiting an undue time for the applause to subside. Consequently the end of his brief speech could not be caught by the reporters, except in part. It was entirely impromptu.

### Educational Notes

MR. E. L. GODKIN, the editor of *The Evening Post*, who is at present in Europe, has received from the University of Oxford the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. The honor is most worthily bestowed by the institution that stands as the champion of Anglo-Saxon culture.

The Smithsonian Institution has received by bequest from the late Mr. G. B. Glover of this city, formerly of the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, a collection of 2025 Chinese and other east Asiatic coins, representing the coinage of China from 770 B. C. to the present day. It is probably the most complete collection in existence and embraces many specimens of those pieces of currency used both as coins and religious medals, moulds of various shapes, Governmental and private notes and coins of foreign countries struck for commercial use in China. The latter class includes the dollars of English, Danish, American and Mexican manufacture, as well as the entire series of the coinage of the Anamese, Japanese and Coreans and the Mohammedan cities of China itself.

At the 103d commencement exercises of Union College, this week, Mr. St. Clair McKelway, who as honorary Chancellor delivered an oration on "Colleges and Men," received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. Upon Prof. F. H. Giddings of Columbia was conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Dr. Melvil Dewey, Secretary of the State Board of Regents, and W. S. Briscoe, Martha P. Wheeler and Mary Hawley of the State Library, will represent New York state at the second International Congress of Librarians, to be held in London on July 13. Dr. Dewey will also be one of the representatives of the Federal Government.

The thirty-fifth University Convocation of the State of New York will be held in Albany on June 28-30. The annual address will be delivered by Chancellor Anson Judd Upson; the whole of June 30 will be devoted to a discussion of the American College.

An additional volume of the Modern Reader's Bible, "Select Masterpieces of Biblical Literature," is announced for early publication by the Macmillan Co. It will contain only complete and independent literary compositions, or integral and separable parts of the longer compositions, arranged in the form in which they have appeared in the various volumes of the Modern Reader's Bible. The selection has been made, not only on the basis of literary beauty, but also with the view of illustrating the several varieties of literary form, many of them unfamiliar, in which the books of Scripture are cast. Explanatory notes are added. The volume is designed for the use of schools, or of reading circles desiring an introduction to the Bible on its literary side.

The library building of the Iowa State University was struck by lightning and destroyed by fire on June 19. The loss is estimated at \$100,000, of which \$50,000 is on books, \$17,000 on apparatus belonging to the physical laboratory in the building, and \$33,000 on the building itself.

The American Library Association held its nineteenth annual meeting, and celebrated its twenty-first anniversary, in Philadelphia, on June 21-25, fully three hundred delegates from all parts of the country being present. The officers of the Association are: President, William H. Brett of the Cleveland Public Library; Vice-Presidents, Henry K. Elmendorf of the Buffalo Public Library, James K. Hosmer of the Minneapolis Public Library and Hannah P. James of the Wilkesbarre Public Library; Secretary, Rutherford B. Hayes of the Ohio Library Commission; Treasurer, Charles K. Bolton of the Brookline Public Library, Mass.; Recorder, Gardner M. Jones of the Salem Public Library.

### Notes

THE Macmillan Co. has in preparation a "Dictionary of Architecture," to be published under the direction of Mr. Russell Sturgis. The work, in three volumes, will include special articles by leading architects, sculptors, engineers, mural painters and others. Biography is part of the scheme, which embraces, also, definitions of terms, history and criticism of styles, some account of building as an art, materials and their employment, construction (practical and scientific), modern appliances to meet novel requirements, modern and ancient practise in the application of painting and sculpture to buildings, landscape gardening in connection with architecture, etc. The volumes will be abundantly illustrated.

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. will soon publish a new volume of short stories by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, which will include "The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen," published in *Harper's Magazine* a year ago.

—Messrs. Harper & Bros. acquired on June 16, by purchase, the business of Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. of 45 Albemarle street, London, established by the late Mr. James R. Osgood of Boston and Mr. Clarence W. McIlvaine of this city. The business will henceforth be known as Harper & Bros., and will continue to be managed by Mr. McIlvaine, as a vice-president of the corporation. Among the English copyrights passing into the hands of Messrs. Harper are those of the works of du Maurier and Hardy.

—*Harper's Weekly* of July 3 will contain the first instalment of E. F. Benson's novel of the Greek war of independence, "The Vintage," which is said, both in its spirit and in some of its episodes, to be curiously like the recent struggle of the Greeks with the Turks.

—Messrs. Bonnell, Silver & Co. announce for early publication "Across the Country of the Little King: A Trip through Spain," by William Bement Lent, author of "Gypseying Beyond the Sea"; and "The Sacrifice of a Throne," being an account of the life of Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, sometime King of Spain, by H. Remsen Whitehouse, formerly of the United States Legation at Madrid.

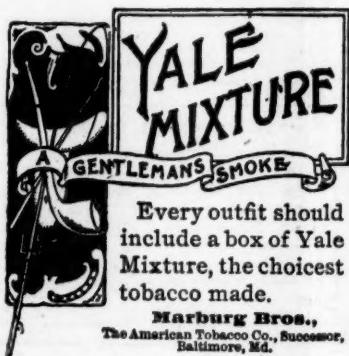
—Mr. Albert C. Stevens, editor of *Bradstreet's*, has been engaged during the last three years upon a "Cyclopaedia of Fraternities," which will go to press this year. It will embrace the so-called secret and semi-secret societies in the country, national and international.

—In reply to a letter from the editors of *The Critic*, asking him when he expected to issue the twenty-fifth volume completing the series of "Facsimiles of Documents Relating to America," Mr. B. F. Stevens writes from London:—"Vol. XXV. will be the Index, same size as the other volumes, but it will be printed in two columns of long primer type on a page, and will make a volume of about the same thickness and in every way uniform with the others. The Chronological Arrangement is already printed, as is, also, the Alphabetical Arrangement of writers and addresses. The Subject Matter Index has hung fire, and it has been an exceedingly tedious job. The fair copy is only now finished, and my amanuensis and I are confidently hoping to finish the reading, editing and revising of the whole of the 'copy' before the Queen's Jubilee, so that the printers will have the 'copy' complete with cross-references, and so that they can go straight away without interruption from the beginning to the end. Long before the printers shall have got this whole Subject Matter into type, I confidently hope that I shall have written my Introduction, and so shall be able to issue the volume before Christmas. I have no words that will adequately express my thankfulness when able to bring this great undertaking to an end."

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. announce a new and uniform edition of the works of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, each volume to contain a frontispiece in photogravure. They have in preparation, for publication in October, a "History of American Book Clubs," containing accounts of all known publishing book clubs which have been organized in America, with descriptions and collations of their various publications. The same house has in press "The New England Primer," edited by Paul Leicester Ford. The bibliography of this compendium, which for upwards of a century was, to almost every man born in New England, the first book in religion, and to thousands has stood in the same office in literature, has never before been satisfactorily worked out. Mr. Ford gives transcripts of title-pages, collations and descriptions of all known editions, with reproductions in facsimile of a large number of title-pages, illustrations and specimen pages of the text. In addition he has prepared an account of the origin and history of the "Primer." The volume for '97 of "American Book Prices Current" will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. in October.

Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. of Boston announce for publication this fall, the "Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics," selected and edited, by arrangement with the owners of the various copyrights, by Frederic L. Knowles. The volume is intended to be for American poetry what Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" is for the poetry of England.

—Eleonora Duse has taken Paris by storm. She will appear there in Gabriele d'Annunzio's new play, "The Dream of a Spring Morning." It is in one act and tells the story of a woman of the Tuscan aristocracy whose lover is killed in her arms by her husband. She loses her reason in consequence. This part will be taken by the great actress. Apropos of her first appearance in the French capital, and her reception by Sarah Bernhardt, the *Figaro* said:—"It is possible that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt does not greatly love Mme. Eleonora Duse, but she has nevertheless placed the theatre at the latter's disposal, and on the evening of her arrival received her at dinner. The Emperor William would not act otherwise should the Tsar come to visit him. On the other hand, Mme. Duse has perhaps not a great friendship for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, but that did not prevent her from sending, immediately upon her arrival in Paris, an affectionate telegram, which has been printed by all the newspapers. Thus, Queen Victoria, upon arriving in Nice, never fails to send a dispatch to M. Felix Faure, and, without becoming for that reason more intimate, our relations with England cannot but gain in cordiality, at least in appearance. Europe asks no more of its sovereigns. Why, then, should we be more exacting with Sarah Bernhardt and Mme. Duse? They also, in their art, are great powers, and they understand by what little compromises and concessions great powers are kept in accord."



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—The memorial statue to Mrs. Sarah Siddons, the famous actress, on Paddington Green, London, was unveiled by Sir Henry Irving on June 14. It stands close to Paddington Old Cemetery, where Mrs. Siddons was buried sixty-five years ago.

—The German critics and public agree as to the extraordinary powers displayed by Signor Zucconi, the great Italian tragedian, who has made a tour of their country, and will appear in London before long, under the management of Mr. George Edwardes. Almost an equal amount of praise is bestowed upon Signor Zucconi's leading lady, Signora Varini. Among their greatest successes are Ibsen's "Ghosts" and Giacosa's "Rights of the Soul."

—According to an interview published in the *Herald*, Mr. Charles Frohman has fully decided to remain for the future in London, if he can arrange his numerous affairs in this city. He has secured three theatres in London—the Garrick, Vaudeville and Adelphi,—in which he will give his own pieces exclusively.

### Publications Received

Backus, T. J. <i>The Outlines of Literature, English and American</i> . Sheldon & Co.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Bacson, J. <i>Evolution and Religion</i> . Harper & Bros.	Silver, Burdett & Co.
Bonsal, S. <i>The Real Condition of Cuba To-day</i> . 6oc. Little, Brown & Co.	
Bullock, C. J. <i>Introduction to the Study of Economics</i> . Clarette, Jules. Brichanteau.	
Embe, G. <i>When Desire Cometh</i> . 5oc. G. W. Dillingham Co.	
Forty-Fifth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library. 1896-97. Boston: Municipal Print. Office.	
Fox, John. <i>Hell for Sartain</i> . \$1. Georgia Scenes.	Harper & Bros.
Hale, E. E. <i>Susan's Escort, and Others</i> . \$1.50. Hill, G. E. <i>Johnsonian Miscellanies</i> . a vols.	Harper & Bros.
Loots, Monteros 1486. McCarthy, Justin. <i>A History of Our Own Times</i> . From 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. \$1.75.	Harper & Bros.
McDonald, R. <i>A Princess and a Woman</i> . Frank A. Munsey.	Macmillan Co.
McLellan, J. A. <i>Public School Arithmetic</i> . 6oc. Merriman, H. S. <i>The Grey Lady</i> . \$1.50.	Ginn & Co.
Montgomery, D. H. <i>The Student's American History</i> . Nolcini, E., and G. Emmons. John King, Manager. 5oc.	
Pidge, J. B. G. <i>The Prophetic Books of the Old Testament</i> . 5oc. G. W. Dillingham Co.	
Pope, G. U. <i>St. John in the Desert</i> . Amer. Baptist Pub. Soc.	
Rathbone, St. George. <i>A Bar Sinister</i> . 5oc. London: Henry Frowde.	
Read, Ople. <i>Odd Folks</i> . F. T. Neely.	
Reed, H. T. <i>Cadet Life at West Point</i> . \$1.50. Reed, V. Z. <i>Tales of the Sun-Land</i> . \$1.25.	Continental Pub. Co.
Rhode Island School Reports: 1896. Providence, R. I.: E. L. Freeman & Sons.	
Rivers, G. R. R. <i>Captain Shays</i> . Little, Brown & Co.	
Rodney, G. B. <i>In Buff and Blue</i> . Rand, McNally & Co.	
Savage, R. H. <i>The Flying Halcyon</i> . 5oc. F. T. Neely.	
Scribner, F. K. <i>The Honor of a Princess</i> . Scudder, H. E. <i>A History of the United States of America</i> . Sheldon & Co.	
Selections from the Poems of Timothy Otis Paine. Stephens, R. Mr. Peters. \$1.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Tarver, J. C. <i>Some Observations of a Foster Parent</i> . Harper & Bros.	
Wharton, T. "Bobbo." \$1.50. Xenophon's <i>Anabasis</i> V. Ed. by A. G. Rolfe. London: Archibald, Constable & Co.	
Xenophon's <i>Anabasis</i> V. Ed. by A. G. Rolfe. Harper & Bros. Ginn & Co.	

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